

*The Historie of*

Of all the Court and Princes of my blood;  
The hope and expectation of thy time,  
Is ruin'd, and the soule of euery man  
Prophetically do fore-thinke thy fall:  
Had I so lauish of my presence beene,  
So common hackneid in the eyes of men,  
So stale and cheap to vulgar company,  
Opinion that did helpe me to the Crowne  
Had still kept loyall to possession,  
And left me in reputeles banishment.  
A fellow of no marke nor likelihood,  
By beeing seldome seene, I could not stir  
But like a Comet I was wondred at,  
That men would tel their children, This is he:  
Others would say, where, which is *Bullingbrooke*:  
And then I stole all curtesie from heauen,  
And drest my selfe in such humility,  
That I did plucke allegiance from mens harts:  
Loud shoutes and salutations from their mouthes  
Euen in the presence of the crowned king.  
Thus I did keepe my person fresh and new,  
My presence like a robe pontificall,  
Ne're seene, but wondred at, and so my state  
Seldome, but sumptuous, shewed like a feast  
And wan by rarenes such solemnity.  
The skipping king, he ambled vp and downe,  
With shallow-iesters, and rash bawin wits,  
Soone kindled, and soone burat, carded his state,  
Mingled his royalty with Carping fooles;  
Had his great name prophaned with their scornes,  
And gaue his countenance against his name,  
To laugh at gybing Boyes, and stand the push  
Of euery beardles vaine comparative  
Grew a companion to the common streetes,  
Enfeost himselfe to popularity,  
That being dayly swallowed by mens eyes,  
They surfetted with hony, and began to loath,  
The tast of sweetnes, whereof a little.

More

*Henrie the fourth.*

More then a little, is by much too much.  
So when he had occasion to bee seene,  
He was, but as the Cuckow is in Iune,  
Heard, not regarded: seene but with such eyes  
As sicke and and blunted with community,  
Affoord no extraordinary gaze.  
Such as is bent on sun-like Maiesty,  
When it shines seldome in admiring eyes,  
But rather drowzd, and hung their eye-lids downe  
Slept in his face, and rendred such aspect  
As cloudy men vse to do to their aduersaries,  
Being with his presence, gultred, gorgde and full.  
And in that very line, *Harry* standest thou  
For, thou hast lost thy Princely priuiledge,  
With vile participation, Not an eye  
But is awery of thy common sight,  
Sane mine, which hath desired to see thee more,  
Which now doth that I would not haue it doe  
Make blind it selfe with foolish tendernes,

*Prin.* I shall hereafter, my thrice gracious Lord  
Be more my selfe. *King.* For all the world  
As thou art to this howre, was *Richard* then,  
When I from France set foot at Ravenspurgh,  
And euen as I was then is *Percy* now:  
Now by my scepter and my soule to boote,  
He hath more worthy interest to the state,  
Then thou, the shadow of succession,  
For of no right nor colour like to right,  
He doth fill fieldes with Harnes in the Realme,  
Turns head against the Lions armed lawes,  
And being no more indebt to yeares, then thou  
Leades ancient Lords, and reuerent Bishops on,  
To bloody battels, and to brusing armes,  
What neuer dying honor hath he got,  
Against renowned *Douglas*? whose high deedes,  
Whose hot incurfions, and great name in Armes,  
Holds from all Souldiers chiefe maiority,  
And military title capitall.

G.

Through